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J. O. COOK
DRUGGIST

L. & N.

Time Card

Effective Apr. 15, 1917.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.
No. 91—Local Passenger, 8:57 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:05 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. East Mail 10:14 p. m.
No. 90—Local Passenger, 4:32 p. m.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

No. 93 carries through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connect at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points north of Nashville, Tenn.

W. N. CHANDLER, Ticket Agent.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

IN 1917

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. The great war in Europe is now half way into its third year, and, whether peace be at hand or yet far off, it and the events to follow it are sure to be of absorbing interest for many a month to come.

These are world-shaking affairs, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, is compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the

HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN

(Tri-weekly.)

together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00

MARCH FIRST MONTH OF YEAR

Was So Placed in Roman Calendar and Continued Until Comparatively Recent Times.

March was the first month in the Roman year, and since the Romans were a warlike people, they honored Mars, the god of war, by naming the first month Martius. It was the first month in many parts of Europe until a comparatively recent date, even in England the year beginning March 25 until 1752.

The Saxons called it Lenet Month—length month—because in March, the days become noticeably longer, and this was the origin of the name "Lent."

The English have a proverb, "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and another, "A dry March never begs its bread," which express their faith in the belief that a dry March means a prosperous year. This is explained by the fact that they do most of their planting in March, and unless the soil is dry, planting often is delayed.

It's different in America. In the middle West more rain falls in March than in April ordinarily and almost as much in March as in May.

Almost universally in the North Temperate zone, March is regarded as the windy month. Normally it marks the transition from winter to spring.

A FORGOTTEN LETTER

By SUSAN E. CLAGGETT.

The morning was dismal. In that it was no different from the other mornings that had preceded it for six weeks; but day after day of dull weather had at last had its effect upon Patience Winthrop, and she was undeniably depressed. This was strange, because, as girl and woman, she had spent her life in a village that was more or less enveloped by fog. But today she hated the fog, the sea, everything pertaining to the place she had called home for thirty-odd years.

She had been watching night after night with an old friend who for long had promised herself, and her acquaintances, that her life would go out "when the sun crossed the line."

Mrs. Wainwright took to her bed twice a year about ten days before the first equinoxial storm, and there she would stay until the day following the twenty-first, when she would get up feeling as spry as sparrows. Her neighbors had heard her demands for so long they had no other thought than that she would be about as usual after her ten days' rest. And then the unusual happened. Her life went quietly out as Patience Winthrop watched with her alone.

This was two days before, and is only pertinent to the story in so far as it shows one of the causes of the depression that was pressing her down, like a great hand choking the breath out of her. The other was the finding of the letter.

In the gray dawn of the September morning as she was turning the leaves of the Bible lying upon Mrs. Wainwright's bedside table, she came upon it, her own name staring up at her from the yellowing envelope. Mrs. Wainwright saw it in her hand and gave a little gasp.

"I forgot it, Patience. When I remembered I did not see you and then I forgot it. John gave it to me long ago, but I forgot. He hadn't ought to have given it to me. He knew old people's memory ain't good. But he did an' I jes' plain forgot it." She lay quiet for a little while, then asked the time. Patience told her.

"Four o'clock an' the tide's runnin' out an' it's most time for the sun to cross the line." Her breath came haltingly. "I'm—going—out—this—time—Patience, an'—I'm—sorry—'bout—the—letter—for—you've—been—real—good—to—me." She ended with a sigh. That was all.

All through that day and the next Patience had felt that life was not worth the living. She had not read the letter. For some reason she was afraid, but as she stood by the window peering out into the grayness of the fog and listening to the ceaseless rush of waters against the headland whereon stood her home, she held it tightly clasped within her hand.

It was ten years since she had heard John Wainwright's name.

She heard the bell booming its warning from the lighthouse across the harbor and faintly, afar off, the whistle of a ship. A steamer was in distress off the shoals.

The rubbing of her cat against her brought her back to the warmth of the tidy room as a knock sounded upon her door. It was late, too late for visitors, and she paused an instant before opening it. She heard a fumbling against the panel as if a hand was searching for the latch, and she reached the door as it fell open. A man staggered in, lurched forward and sprawled upon the floor.

He had fallen face downward and it took all of Patience's strength to turn the heavy figure and draw it toward the stove. Then she went systematically to work to restore consciousness. It took long. Not until he opened his eyes and looked full into her face did she know him, and then all she said was, "Why, John!" But she dropped on the floor beside him, lifted the heavy head onto her lap and began crooning over him with unaccustomed words that sounded strange coming from lips that had never before used them.

He was ill for weeks, and in his delirium, he talked much about a letter. His insistent demand brought again to Patience's mind the one she had found in his mother's Bible, and she read it. It was short.

"Dear Patience," she read. "I ship tonight on the Prince George, which sails at daybreak. This is sudden, but the mate was took sick an' Cap Baker come after me. Write me a line to Kingston, Jamaica. Cap don't know when he'll be home, as he's tramped it an' may go round the world. I love you, my girl, and want you to marry me when I get back, John."

For a time she struggled with herself, then said huskily:

"John, I have just read your letter, the one you left with your mother." She held it before him. "When you are well there will be time enough to talk this out between us. What I want to know now is, do you still mean what you put down there?" pointing to the letter.

"Mean it?" he whispered faintly. "I'm not the man to change," his voice trailed off.

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Getting Experience.

"Is your boy Josh doing well?" "Of course," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "Josh has managed to be so patient with his last boss that I'm kind of hopeful he'll be able to come back to the farm and get along with me."

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will stop that hacking cough that lingers from January. The soothing pine balsams loosen the phlegm, heal the irritated membrane, the glycerine relieves the tender tissues, you breathe easier and coughing ceases. Don't neglect a lingering cough, it is dangerous. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is antiseptic and pleasant to take, benefits young and old, get it at your druggist's today. Formula on the bottle. 25c.

Symptoms.

Some people take more pride in their symptoms than they do in their children. If you are fortunate enough to acquire or inherit a number of alarming symptoms, you may be able to spend a happy lifetime being miserable. There is something peculiarly charming and poignant about one who complains about his ailments. How he is welcomed into any little social throng! How a room brightens at his appearance! Nervous disorders are perhaps the most enviable endowments. Have you some? Persons of this description are charming conversationalists. They are never at a loss for a remark. They can talk of their complaints at any length. Sick headaches, loss of appetite, weak back, dizzy spells are only a few of their favorite topics. In talking to persons of this sort it is pardonable to say, "I'd rather you'd die of your symptoms than talk of them."

No Use Wasting Time.

They were dining off fowl in a restaurant. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks, the one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish granted."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied. "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"Well, I'll wish for you?" he exclaimed.

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted with a glad smile; "you can have me."

Saving Money by Taxi.

It was an ingenious husband who sent his wife shopping in a taxi the other day. A friend who happened to see him say good-by to her from the curb remarked on his apparent extravagance.

"It's economy, really," said the husband. "Whenever she's in a shop she'll be worried to death because the taxi is eating up money all the time, so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on foot or in a street car."

Smaller Buns.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Do you think our baker is intemperate?

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Yes.

"Too bad."

"Well, there is some hope. You know he is cutting down the size of his buns now."

SMOKED HIS CIGAR BY PROXY

Bismarck Gave Cherished "Weed" to Wounded Soldier and Enjoyed Watching Man's Contentment.

With all his brusqueness and even, at times, brutality, Bismarck, says Frederick Marvin, had much of the "live-and-let-live" philosophy, and it humanized him so that men loved him and willingly followed after him. The story of the last cigar at Koenigsgratz illustrates what has been said, says the Yorkshire (Eng.) Post.

"The value of a good cigar," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Koenigsgratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it."

"I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I miscalculated my chances. And what was the cause of my miscalculations? A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, asking for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay, I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Potatoes Best Cooked in Skins. Approximately 20 per cent of each potato pared by ordinary household methods is lost in the process. The loss includes much and sometimes all of the portion of the tuber containing important soluble salts. Potatoes that are boiled and baked in their skins lose practically none of their food value.

Unique Among Magazines



Probably Joe Mitchell Chapple knew personally more famous people than any other man in the world.

—The London Daily Mail, Paris Edition.

OTHER magazines have their place in fiction, but the National Magazine is different. Every month for twenty years has made a trip to Washington to obtain material for his "Affairs at Washington" department. You can hear him 12 times a year through the pages of The National Magazine and enjoy the many timely, interesting talks and special articles on the big men and affairs of the day. The National follows so fast. It is the very life of the magazine world. It takes you over wide stretches of territory. It sets you down suddenly face to face with a big fact. It keeps you to human impulses. People really like it. It "lucates" life at every angle. It is not a palliative, but a blood and iron tonic to every person—man, woman, child. No matter where you live, the National will do you good. Write today for a copy and send No Money until you have read the magazine and know you like it. For \$1.00, every four months, you can become a regular subscriber to the National Magazine. NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass. Publishers "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Strings."



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Patriotism.

It should be the work of a genuine and noble patriotism to raise the life of the nation to the level of its privileges; to harmonize its general practice with its abstract principles; to reduce to actual facts the ideals of its institutions; to elevate instruction into knowledge; to deepen knowledge into wisdom; to render knowledge and wisdom complete in righteousness and to make the love of country in the love of man.—Henry Giles.

The Real Book Lover.

Here is the definition of a book lover given by the librarian of Brown University: "The book lover is distinguished from the reader as such by loving his books, and from the collector as such by reading them. He prizes not only the soul of the book, but also its body which he would make a house beautiful, meet for the dwelling of the spirit given by its author. Love is not too strong a word to apply to his regard, which demands, in the language of Dorothy Wordsworth, 'a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual.'"

"Damaged" Wood in Demand.

Old cypress trees are often attacked by a fungus that leaves the heart wood rotted and perforated with pinholes. The wood from such trees is called pecky cypress, and until recently has been almost worthless. Lately, however, architects have discovered its decorative value for interior finish, especially where an antique effect is sought. In consequence, pecky cypress is in great demand and bids fair to become the Cinderella of the whole cypress family. Builders are even offering special prices for the "peckiest" specimens.—Youth's Companion.

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